The Fête of the Flowers.

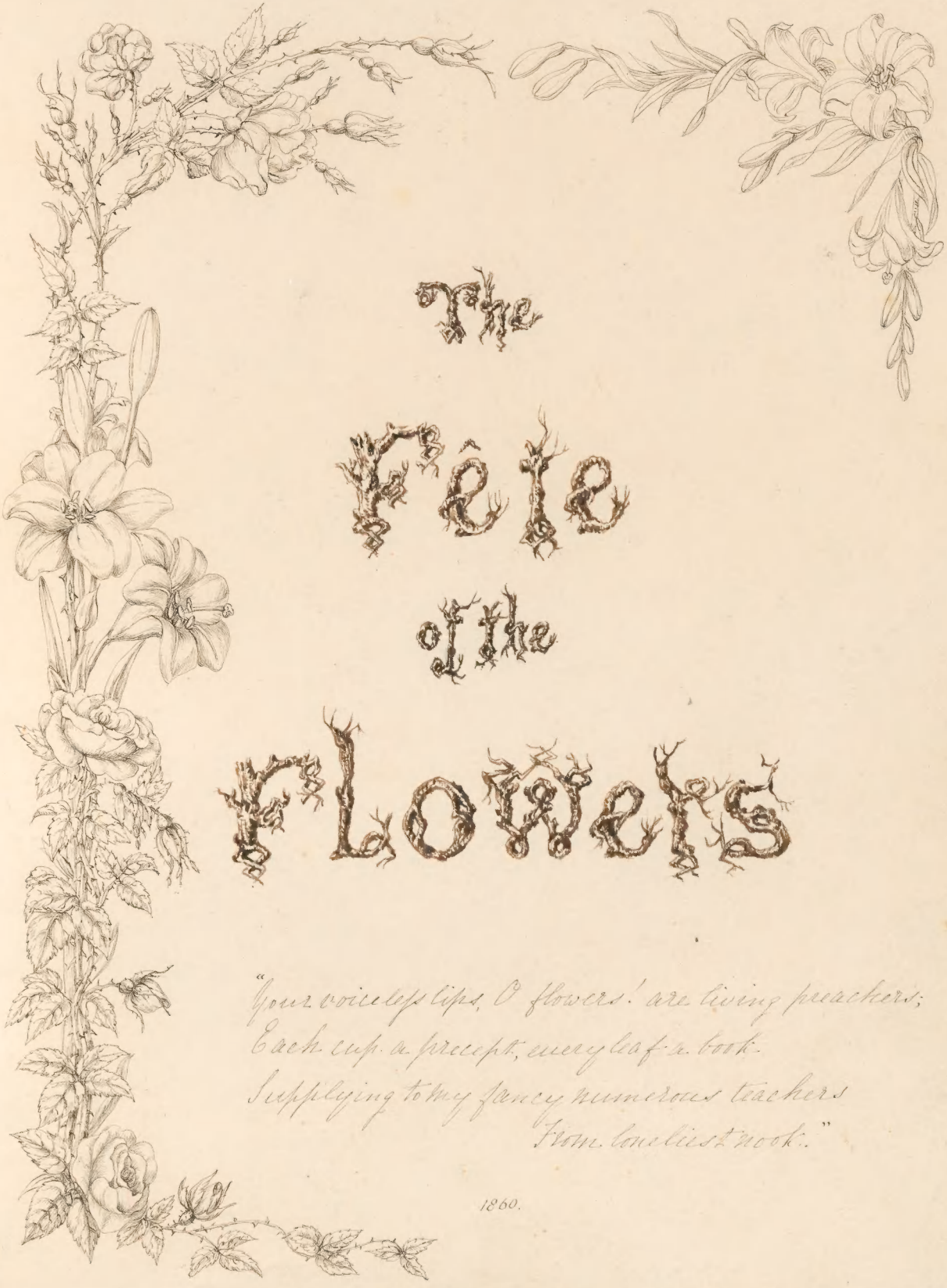
ACKERMANN
191 REGENT ST
LONDON

150 original drawings

Jane Elizabeth Girard. 1860.

Authoress of "Flowers of Milton"

" " Shakespeare.

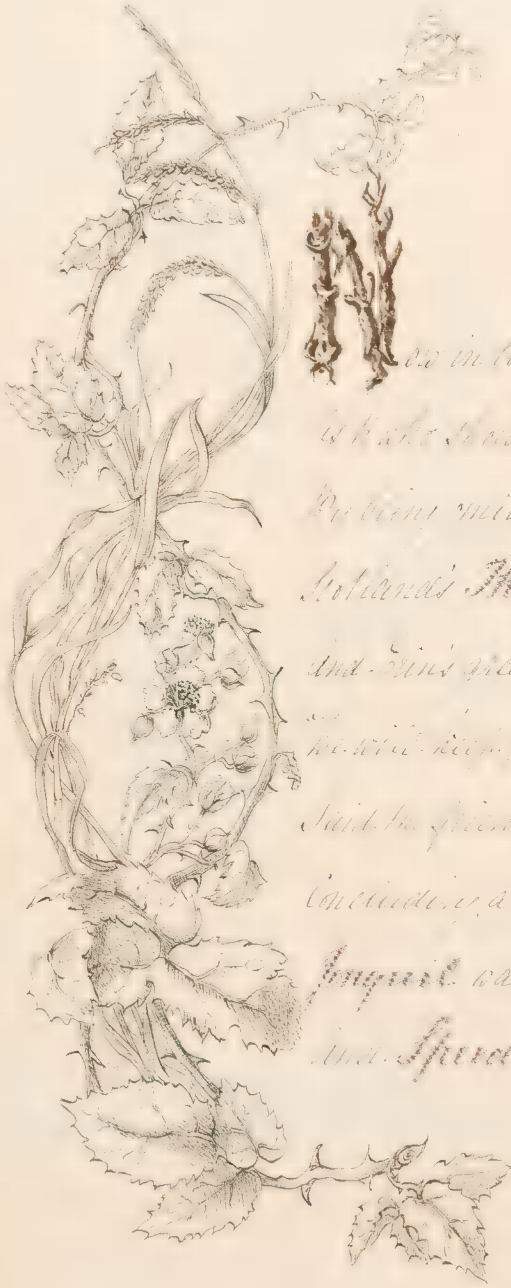


The Fête of the Flowers

"Your voiceless lips, O flowers! are living preachers;
Each cup a precept, every leaf a book
Supplying to my fancy numerous teachers
From loneliest nook."

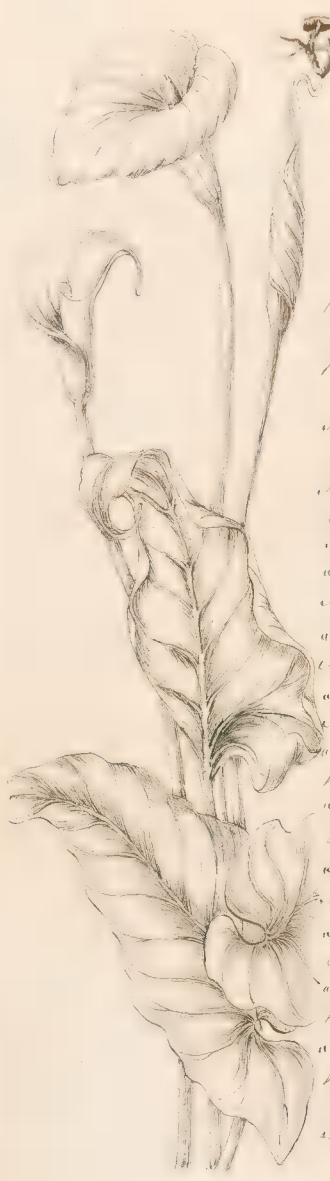
1860.

The Rose having heard of the Gaits & the feasts
Enjoyed long ago by Birds, Insects & Beasts,
And that Lady Bee Fairies had been giving a fête
In connection with Letters, with very great state;
She said to the Lily her friend & ally,
"Suppose we give a party, dear friend, you & I;"
"And if beauty & loveliness, sweetness & grace"
"Exist in this world, they are found in our race."
"And I'm sure, my dear Lily, if we only try,"
"Our feast-giving friends we soon shall outvie."
"And give such delations a very great treat—"
"Let us talk it all over now.— Pray take a seat."
But the Lily bow'd low, not a sentence was seen,
For the Flowers all look on the Rose as their Queen.



Now in long consultation these two friends remain'd,
Who should be asked, & that none should be disdain'd
By being omitted. They fully agreed.
Scotland's **Thistle** must come, although a rough weed,
And Erin's green **Shamrock** must not be left out.
"We will keep peace & union at this our first rout"
Said the friends, & then talk'd on the many things still,
Concluding at last, 'twould be best to ask all.
Jonquil was desired invitations to write,
And **Speedwell** deliver'd them all before night.

Then great was the bustle among all the Flowers,
In meadow & woodland, in gardens & bowers,
Though little they thought yet how they should be drest,
For Nature knew well how they would look best;
So to her they all went, looking up in her face,
And begged that to each she would add a new grace,
For they had been asked to the Court of their Queen,
And, of course, they all wished to be fit to be seen.
"My children," said Nature, "I always adorn"
"You all for the stations in which you are born;"
"The good Father of all, too, has made you His care;"
"So say no more about it, but go as you are!"
And so they all went in their every day dresses
From Geraniums & Tulips to Groundsel & Cresses
And Solomon, even in his gorgeous array,
Was never adorn'd with such grace as were they!



The Queen breathed sweet fragrance to welcome
her guests,
And the Lily attentive to all her behests,
Provided refreshments of Dew & fresh air.
No mortals e'er tasted such delicate fare.
Then the Rose some kind words addressed to them all;
She said "tho' the place which we fill may seem small."
"In this beautiful world—Still all mortals agree;"
"Though fragile & fading, & useless we be;"
"Sweet partners we are of their sorrows & joys,"
"To grave men we are studies, to children we're toys,"
"We deck the fair brow of the blushing young bride;"
"And are emblems of glory in victory's pride."
"In coffins we're placed, & meet symbols we are"
"of those who die young—the pure & the fair."
"We're the stars of the earth, & like those above."
"We also proclaim to mankind God is Love!"
The Flowers look'd at each other & then at their Queen;
And felt happier than ever before they had been.

Oh! then the sweet music that rang through the grove!
All vocal, harmonious, breathing true love.
The Blackbird & Thrush first sang a duet,
Then a madrigal follow'd — & Lark & Linnet
join'd in chorus with others — And many a glee
Swelled through the vale & burst from each tree.
And the Nightingale pour'd forth a solo so sweet,
The Flowers all declared they ne'er had such a treat.
Young **Columbine** said she hoped for a dance,
But she very much feared there was not the least chance
Of such a diversion with Nightingale there;
That enchanter of all, both on earth & in air.
She believed the good Queen was in love with the Bird.
The Bird with the Queen. **Pheasantseye** said he'd heard.
"And why should they not love," said little **Trueblue**.
"It's what I expected, & very right too;"
"As I sit in my snug little nook in the wall,"
"I hear many things unknown to you all."

Pale Primrose, forsaken, kept much in the shade;
And Bluebell laughed gaily & merrily said
She never could tempt her to have any fun,
And believed she had taken the vows of a nun.
Periwinkle declared he had thought the same thing,
From the day he first saw her quite early in Spring,
And he had observed, for a very long while,
That no flower but Monkshood could tempt her to smile.
Pansy said their remarks were unkind,
But her reasons were wafted away on the wind.
She smiled on the Primrose & called her "dear sister,"
Then bent down & whispered & silently kissed her.

At this time flew on, & the shadows grew long.
And so did the pauses between each sweet song.
And Pimpernel closed her bright petals & said
That she, for her part, could not hold up her head,
The sun was gone down to his bed in the West,
And she too must have her natural rest.
Then little Eyebright caught Daisy asleep,
Which she thought strange for Eyebright can keep
Her little eyes open all her life long,
From the Lark's matin lay till his late vesper song.

"But all this world's pleasures must come to an end."
So said the Sweet Rose & the Lily her friend.
"And now we must wish all our guests a good night"
"That they may retire by the moon's gentle light."
And so they departed — on the next morn
Each rode with sweet breath & bright eyes, & adorn
The earth where they're placed with such exquisite skill,
The behests of our Father & Queen to fulfil.

BLOSSOMS
and
BERRIES